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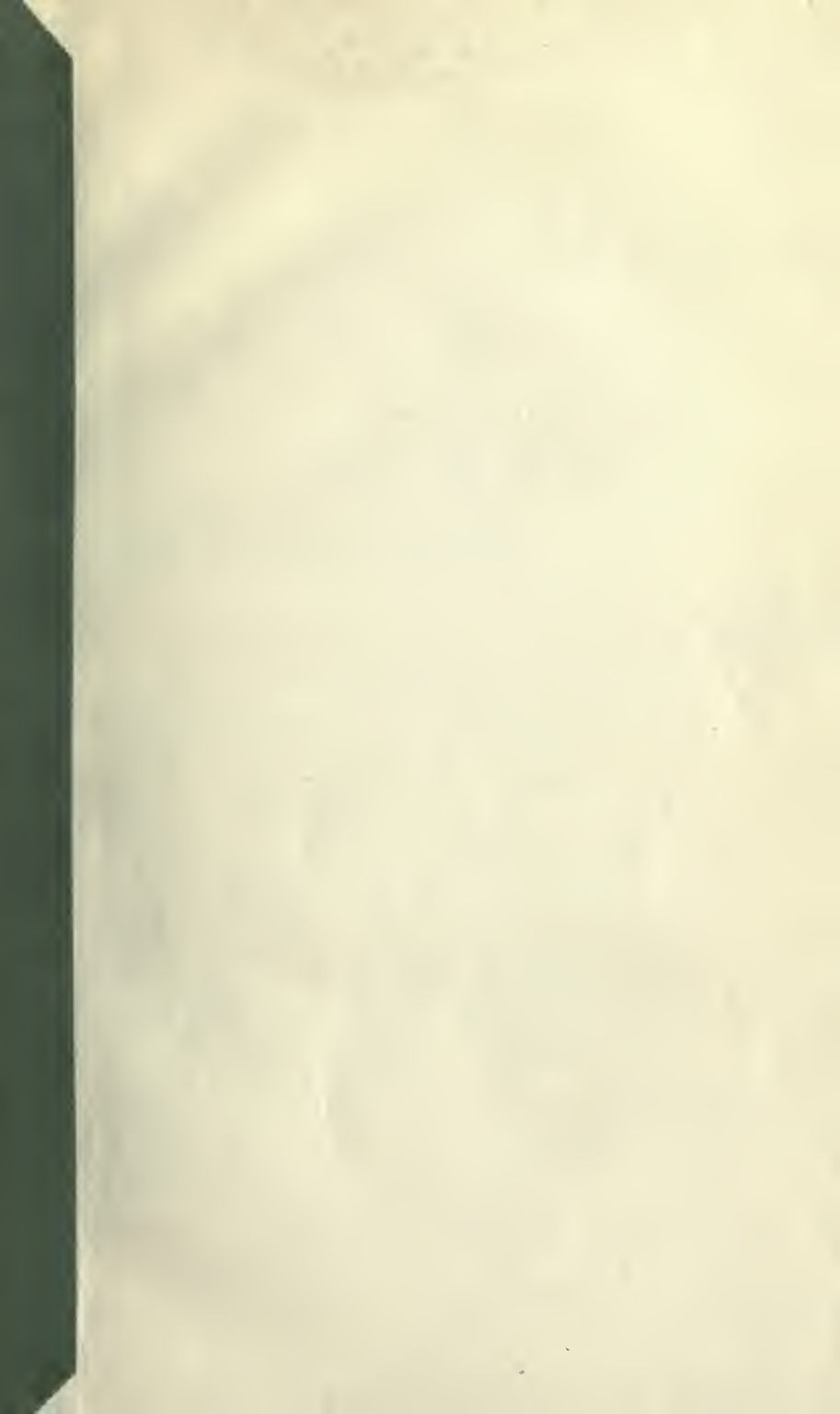
The cruelties of the Algerine  
pirates

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**CAPT CROKER VISITING THE HOSPITAL AT ALGIERS.**

*A Mother informs him of the thirteen Years Slavery of herself and her eight Children and points to six of them.*

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**CAPT CROKER HORROR-STRICKEN AT ALGIERS,**  
*on witnessing the Miseries of the Christian Slaves chain'd & in Irons  
 driven home after labour by Infidels with large Whips.*

Page ibid

**CHRISTIAN SLAVERY AT ALGIERS.**

**1816.**

*Published by W. HOVE, 55 Fleet Street.*

THE  
**CRUELITIES**  
OF THE  
**ALGERINE PIRATES,**  
SHEWING THE  
**Present Dreadful State**  
OF THE  
**ENGLISH SLAVES,**  
AND OTHER EUROPEANS,  
AT  
**ALGIERS AND TUNIS;**  
WITH THE  
**HORRID BARBARITIES**  
INFLECTED ON CHRISTIAN MARINERS SHIPWRECKED  
ON THE  
*NORTH WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA AND CARRIED  
INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY.*

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AUTHENTICATED

By Mr. JACKSON, of Morocco; Mr. MACGILL, Merchant

AND

*By Capt. WALTER CROKER,*

Of His Majesty's Sloop *Wizard*.

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Who in July last saw some of the frightful horrors of Algerine  
Slavery;—to rouse general attention to which, this  
Economical Publication is issued.

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**With an Engraving.**

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. HONE, 55, FLEET-STREET.

1816.

*Price Sixpence.*



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# THE CRUELTIES

OF THE

Algerines, &c.

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THERE is a fashion in humanity as in every thing else; this may be observed even in its daily exercise in common life, but as exemplified in political and national practice, it is strikingly apparent. The people of Great Britain speak with horror of the Negro Slave Trade, and attend to its manifold miseries with the genuine feelings of men and of christians; yet the same people hear, as affairs of constant recurrence and with perfect apathy, that thousands of the civilized inhabitants of the shores of the Mediterranean, of both sexes, and of every age, are dragged into the direst captivity by the most cruel and blood-thirsty barbarians upon record! Why this forbearance?—from moderation and dislike to war?—no; there is scarcely a single community in christendom that has not warred with its neighbours upon the most wretched pretexts imaginable. Whence, then, this endurance of insult—this indifference to human misery—this disgraceful tribute, and gross subserviency, to a nest of thieves, whom any one of the maritime states could annihilate at any time! What christian nation has not supplied thousands of miserable victims to this bloody race? Of what country are they, who are not, even now, liable to suffering and insult, if not to greater endurance?\* At last, however, the evil seems likely to attract a more general attention from the governed; and it is to rouse public indignation against some of the most recent of the dreadful horrors of Algerine Slavery, which are about to be submitted to Parliament, that this economical publication is issued. Facts so disgraceful to the christian name and character; cannot be made too notorious; neither do they require

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\* It is not long ago that a ship on its return from Lisbon, in which the wife of Mr. PERRY of the *Morning Chronicle*, was a passenger, was carried into Algiers by the pirates; and though the vessel, crew, &c. were subsequently released, it hastened the death of that lady, who had been abroad for the recovery of her health.

eloquence to set them off; therefore no apology will be offered for detailing them, simply, as they are recorded, by the latest and best informed eye witnesses.

One of the most conspicuous of these authorities is *Captain CROKER* of the Royal Navy, who in his letter to a Member of Parliament, has, in a plain and simple manner, but with an honest warmth that does the highest credit to his feelings, detailed some of the atrocities at Algiers, of which he was a spectator no longer ago than July last (1815). Captain Croker commanded the *Wizard* sloop of war, which was ordered to Algiers by Lord Exmouth, and on that service beheld the attack of a small Dutch Squadron by the Pirates, who were, however, fortunately too weak for it, or, in the sufferings of the captive crews, Captain Croker would have had to witness even more misery than it was otherwise his fate to encounter. What he did see, however, was quite sufficient; for the very next day after his arrival at Algiers, on enquiring into the purport of a paper which he saw in the hands of the British Vice Consul, he found it to be a subscription for the relief of nearly three hundred *Christian Slaves*, just arrived from Bona, the most eastern part of Algiers, after a journey of many days. These poor wretches having been brought with the usual ceremony to the Dey's feet, were ordered to their different destinations; such as were able to go to their Bani, or Prison, were sent there; but the far greater number were objects for the hospital, which Spain, in her better days, humanely established for the relief of the christian slaves in Algiers, being the only one in that city. When Captain *Croker* enquired into the particulars of the capture of these wretched people, he found, on the authority of all the Consuls in Algiers, that they were a part of three hundred and fifty-seven, who had been taken by two Algerine pirates, carrying *ENGLISH COLOURS*, by which stratagem they were decoyed within their reach. Landed at Bona, these unhappy people had been driven to Algiers like a herd of cattle. Such as were no longer able to walk had been tied on *Mules*, and many who had become still more enfeebled, were murdered without ceremony! On their journey *fifty-nine* expired! One youth fell dead the very moment they brought him to the feet of the Dey; and within six days from their arrival at Algiers, nearly *seventy* men were delivered by death from the inhumanity of these monsters in human shape!

Captain *Croker* was on a subsequent day at the quarries, where he saw the christian slaves and the *Mules* driven promiscuously to the same labour by their Algerine masters, and was struck with indignation and surprise, when they referred him to the British Consul, to prove that

many of them were actually made slaves, whilst under English passports granted for the express purpose of supplying *our armies* with grain.

From the same testimony, it appears that when the Island of Ponza was surrendered to Britain, the great addition of the British garrison and squadron occasioned considerable anxiety for the maintenance of the inhabitants themselves, as well as of their new masters. Under this pressure, the British Commander encouraged a spirit of commerce in the natives, by granting them passports to different places, to procure grain for the use of the Island, and as a further protection, to carry the British flag. What was the consequence?—when met by the Algerines, they threw the British flag into the sea, and dragged them into captivity; nor has our Consul ever been able to obtain their release. Captain Croker was surrounded by these miserable men, who, with tears, inquired if England, *knew their fate*, or if they were to expect mercy from our all-powerful nation.

A similar case is that of two brothers of the name of Tereni, natives of Leghorn. These gentlemen returning from England to their own country, although in possession of a passport from General Oakes, were taken by the Pirates, robbed of £2000*l.* worth of property and carried into slavery. Their fate was made known in London, and the Secretary of State directed the British Consul to use his influence for their release; but what is even British influence in Algiers—all that he has been able to obtain for them, is permission to live under his protection on the condition of paying a dollar a month for not working in the mines.

Well, but after all, none of these are absolutely *British Subjects*. Have patience—according to Captain Croker, there are at this moment in irons and in slavery at Algiers, the captain and crew of a Gibraltar Trader. Their little vessel was taken and confiscated, and our Consul has been repeatedly refused their release, although he has many times offered *proofs of their being British Subjects*. Yet all this is borne with indifference.

On the same respectable testimony rests the following description of the Bani or Prison of Algiers, where many christian victims are at this moment wasting out their lives in hopeless misery. This wretched receptacle is placed in one of the narrow streets of Algiers. On entering the gate there is a small square yard for the slaves to walk about; in this place they are locked up on every Friday; and as on that day they do not work, they are allowed nothing but water by the Algerine Government.\* From this place Captain Croker ascended by a stone staircase

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\* A humane *Turk*, however, left his whole fortune to furnish each of the christian slaves with a loaf on that day. God touches hearts every where.



into a gallery, around which were rooms with naked earthen floors and damp stone walls. Each of these rooms is furnished with an iron-grated window and a strong door, and two of them contain twenty-four things resembling cot-frames, with twigs interwoven in the middle. These are *hung up one above another* round the room, and those slaves alone are admitted to the luxury of such a bed as can pay for it. Captain Croker is at a loss for a comparison for this loathsome prison and these abominable cells; *if they had light*, he thinks they would most resemble the houses in which Negroes in the West Indies keep their pigs! The stench was so intolerable, the captain and his whole company could scarcely endure it; one gentleman nearly fainted.

The food of the slaves consists of two black loaves of half a pound each, which are their daily bread; they are allowed neither meat nor vegetables, those excepted who work at the Marina, who get ten olives a day, and such as are in the Spanish Hospital, which that government supports as well as it is able. This Hospital was also visited by Captain Croker, who saw its floors covered with unhappy beings of every age and of both sexes, men at the age of sixty, and children who could not be more than eight, the whole of whom had their legs swelled and cut in such a horrible manner, as seemed to defy recovery. There, among several Sicilian females, he saw a poor woman, who burst into tears, and told him that she was the mother of eight children, and requested him to look at six of them, who had been slaves with her for *thirteen years*! "We left these scenes of horror," writes Captain Croker, "and in going into the country, *I met the slaves returning from their labour. The clang of the chains of those who are heavily ironed, called my attention to their extreme fatigue and dejection, they being attended by infidels with large whips!*"—The women are procured by descents on the Italian coasts; their fate is most horrible in *every* sense, as well as that of their children, whether girls or boys!

Whatever produces forbearance on the part of Great Britain, to outrages, in which at least her honour is implicated, it is not purchased by any extraordinary respect on the part of the infidels. The influence of the British Consul, is certainly greater than that of the Consul of any other nation, for it extends, says Captain Croker, to his being able to avoid insult to his person and establishment—and barely that. A Turk came to rob the garden of the present Consul, and was secured by him until he heard from Algiers respecting his punishment. The next day an order arrived for *all* the Consuls to leave their country houses and reside in the city: this they refused to do, and, wonderful to relate, they were permitted to remain.

As to the treatment of less respected nations, a short summary will suf-

fice. The Danish Consul was once actually taken to the Bani, and irons put upon him until Denmark paid some tributary debt! The Swedes are obliged to furnish artists for making gunpowder! The French government in 1815 sent them a builder for their navy! The Spanish Vice Consul was seen by Captain Croker working in irons with the other slaves! And all this is endured from a banditti, whom an American expedition of half a dozen ships of war, has reduced into complete humiliation—a government of four thousand Janissaries, for, except in extraordinary emergency, neither Arab nor Moor is entrusted with arms.

To show how simple the sufferance is upon which all this evil rests, the destruction of the Janissaries alone would end the system. From these ruffians the *Dey* is chosen; one butcher generally rising upon the murder of another, and his popularity and safety at home is always in proportion to the extent and success of his atrocity towards the christian world.

The conquest or chastisement of Algiers, upon any other principle than that of annihilating this wretched system of government, or rather robbery, is the most futile thing possible. The French, the British, and the Spaniards, have all in their turns humbled them, as they have recently been humbled by the Americans, but it has never abated their insolence in the slightest degree, when they recovered from the panic.

Algerine politics are purely piratical, and founded upon the law of the strongest. They cease to rob when they can rob no longer, and recommence as soon as they are able, and this so regularly, that hypocrisy, one of the most hateful of all vices, they must be acquitted of, for by a general profession, all particular perfidy is rendered legal. Thus, when they think themselves strong enough to demand tribute, they demand it, without the slightest reference to the past, or taking the least trouble to compose a well written manifesto in the name of Alla and the Prophet. This is at least consistent; and, deluged as we have been for many years with canting announcement, one cannot but feel a comparative respect for that Dey of Algiers mentioned by *Dr. Shaw*, who, in answer to the remonstrance of the British Consul, on the lawlessness of his Corsairs, exclaimed with a candour which even Christian Monarchs might emulate. "My good friend, what avails this long story, the Algerines are thieves, and I am their Captain."

The *Code* of Algiers is curious. If the owner of a Corsair loses it, he is obliged to build another. All prisoners are considered as dead, ransom never being proposed for them. Whatever damage is done by bombardment from an enemy, the sufferers are obliged to replace, or all that they have left is confiscated.

It would be wrong to take leave of Captain Croker without quoting his manly and affecting appeal to the gentlemen of fortune who visit the Mediterranean for pleasure :—"I own," says this gallant and humane officer, "I cannot but wish that some of those English Gentlemen, who travel in search of pleasure in the Mediterranean, would pay Algiers a visit even for one week; I am sure they could not fail to feel like me the degradation to which the christian name is exposed, and to endeavour, on their return home, to exert their abilities and influence in a cause, which no one doubts to be meritorious; but which, actual inspection would make every man feel to be a solemn, religious, and moral duty."

So much for the last year's state of Algiers; let any rational christian become convinced that the said year, 1815, is more than the two hundredth of similar endurance on the part of the subjects of the christian states of Europe—and ask himself, if a severer satire upon royal christianity can exist, than that naked fact. The groans, sufferings, and oppressions of helpless subjects and fellow creatures from one generation to another have never yet produced a single consenſaneous movement to scatter a few communities of robbers, powerful only in kidnapping and theft.

Though the Algerines take the lead in predatory warfare, and piracy, their eastern neighbours of *Tunis*, with whom they are occasionally at war, Heaven knows for what—come very little behind them; in fact their mode of government, if government it can be called, is the same kind: the ruffian who is called *Dey* in the one, being entitled *Bey* in the other. The Bey of Tunis, indeed, did not so soon emancipate himself from the controul of the Ottoman Porte as his brother of Algiers; but latterly there is reason to believe that his subjection has been equally nominal. The last particular account of Tunis is that of Mr. MACGILL, published on his return in 1811. His account of the piracies of that community very much resembles the narrative of Captain Croker; except, that the Tunisian treatment of christian slaves is *not quite* so generally barbarous. But, to give an idea of the liveliness of the proceedings of these gentry, and of the horrors to which the poor christian islanders of the Mediterranean are subject, take the following examples :—The reigning Bey, Mr. Macgill, with great *naïveté*, describes as one who was an active brisk man, when he assumed the sovereignty, and the author of a number of brilliant exploits. For example, he ordered a descent on the Island of St. Pierre, belonging to the King of Sardinia, from which his Corsairs brought away a thousand captives, men, women, and children, whom their own Monarch, with great humanity, ransomed, at the enormous expence of 2600 piastres *per head* as soon as it was in his power, but not until



many had fallen victims to grief and outrage. The subjects of Sicily and Sardinia endure the great weight of the inflictions both of Tunis and Algiers. The Sovereign of Sardinia, as in the instance related, does all in his power to protect and release them; but his Majesty of Naples, of the august family of Bourbons, leaves them to their fate—jocosely asking the weeping wives, who demur at the captivity of their husbands, “If they cannot get others as good!” In consequence of this paternal indifference on the part of that humane and enlightened Monarch, Mr. Macgill saw about *two thousand* Sicilian slaves at Tunis who were likely to remain there for life, no less than a hundred of which had been captured from under British passports. Among these were a Sicilian Lady and *her five* daughters, who, as they *approached* maturity, were taken from her, one after the other, to gratify the lust of their barbarian master, the chief minister of the Bey. One of these poor victims fell an early sacrifice, and one with the mother was at length delivered over to the British Consul, Mr. *Oglander*, whose influence, after repeated trials, was successful to that extent, but no further. What adds to the horror is, that if they had been sons instead of daughters the result would have been no way different! The outrages of this nature, to which women and children, of both sexes are liable, Mr. Macgill describes as unspeakable.—Great pains are taken to convert the younger captives to Mahometanism, and, as may naturally be expected, generally with success. Of the habits and ideas of these wretches, a notion may be formed by an anecdote related by Mr. Macgill of a little christian girl, of eight years of age, with whose sprightly manners and promising person the Bey was so taken, that he ordered her to be brought up in the Mahometan faith and attended to as his future wife.—Unfortunately, however, or rather fortunately, the child died of a fever and escaped the intended honour.

The same traveller relates another affecting anecdote, of three Georgian boys, kept by the same brutal miscreant for the vilest purpose. These youths, exasperated at their treatment, and the additional cruelty of the minister under whose care they were placed, attempted to assassinate the Bey, and had nearly succeeded. The poor youths died, sword in hand, fighting valiantly, although the eldest of them was under sixteen years of age!

These Pirates do, what it has already been observed the Algerines never do, exchange their captives; but, with their usual capricious injustice, they claim five Moors for two christians. They have a regular rate of ransom for different nations, the lowest of which is the British, amounting to 1500 piastres per individual. Mr. Macgill relates a piece of politic humanity on the part of *Napoleon* which might be imitated by



those who have deposed him: that is, wherever he acquired dominions in Italy, he immediately ransomed such of his new subjects as were in Moorish slavery.

Previously to the escape of Napoleon from Elba, in the beginning of last year, it was stated that Sir *Sidney Smith* had set on foot, at Vienna, a subscription for the ransom of christian slaves in Algiers and Tunis, and also, that he had suggested a plan to protect the people of Christendom from the attacks and oppressions of those piratical states. Moreover, it has been rumoured since the return of *Louis XVIII.* that Sir Sidney Smith, as Grand Master of some Chivalric order of Knights, had solicited that lofty and disengaged Monarch to subscribe and patronise the plan; and, if the newspapers are to be believed, the same eccentric warrior was also engaged in collecting subscriptions for a Lamp for the Holy Sepulchre! This is very suspicious, and yet it is a pity, for possibly there could be no finer subject to rouse the active energies of a noble mind than that which occupies this simple sheet of paper. Is it tinged with devotion?—the destruction of these robbers is the cause of christianity.—Does it startle at barbarity or oppression?—what can exceed that of the bloody natives of the Barbary shores? Is it moved by the wrongs of sex and infancy?—can sufferings be imagined more horrible than those which women and children endure from a race that might be deemed the most despicable of their species, did not such sovereigns as those of Spain claim the execrable pre-eminence. All this may very naturally excite to heroism; but from the great change in the current of human affairs, individual gallantry can do less and less every day. Success in war is not now so much connected with personal prowess as with scientific combination, and every scheme to rectify abuses by knights-errant, or otherwise, smacks a little Cervantic. As in the instance of the unrivalled Don, whenever the world hears of schemes like those of Sir Sidney Smith, it honours the heart, but entertains some small matter of doubt with respect to the head. No, no, it is by the improving sense of the relative duties of man which is now growing up in the bosom of general society, that the wrongs of the nineteenth century are to be righted—a sense which so far from following rulers, uniformly precedes them—a sense too, which has led and is leading to the abolishment of the slave trade—the education of the poor—the amelioration of imprisoned wretchedness, and of the afflictions of sufferers by mental disease—and, in one word, to an alleviation of most of the evils that “flesh is heir to;” every one of which impulses, power has *received*, and not one of which power has *communicated*. Thus, will it most likely be, with regard to the piracies in the Mediterranean: universal common

sense will begin to revolt and to murmur; and, to oblige the people of Europe, some small share of their own resources will be diverted from the interested broils of sovereigns to a deed of practical benevolence.

Another very extraordinary and kindred disclosure to that of Captain Croker, was made a few years ago by Mr. JACKSON in his account of *Morocco*, a disclosure which is less excitable of horror and indignation, in one sense, than the atrocities of the Algerines and Tunisians, but in another is absolutely more so as it implies a species of neglect on the part of statesmen to the sufferings of British Seamen which approaches to criminality. Would it be believed, that the ministers of a people where national taxation amounts to sixty or seventy millions annually, have left shipwrecked mariners to languish, for years, in the barbarous custody of the African Bedoweens, for want of a fund, which, one year with another would scarcely amount to 100*l.* per annum?

The reader is to be informed that one part of the African coast, lying between the latitude of 20 and 32 degrees north, is a desert country, interspersed with immense hills of loose sand, which are from time to time driven by the wind into various forms, and so impregnate the air for many miles out at sea, as to give the atmosphere an appearance of hazy weather. Navigators, not aware of this circumstance, never suspect, during such appearances, that they are near land, until they discover the breakers on the coast, which is so extremely shallow, that a man may walk a mile into the sea without being over his knees, so that ships strike when at a very great distance from the beach. Added to this, there is a current which sets in from the west towards Africa with inconceivable force and rapidity, of which the navigator not being aware, loses his reckoning, and in the course of a night, perhaps, when he expects to clear the African coast in his passage southward, he is alarmed by the appearance of shoal water, and, before he has time to recover himself, finds his ship aground on a desert shore, where neither habitations nor human being is visible. In this state his fears are soon increased, by a persuasion that he must either perish in fighting a horde of wild Arabs or submit to become their captive; for soon after a ship strikes, some of these wandering savages strolling from their *Duars*, or encampment in the deserts, perceive the masts from the sand hills; and without coming to the shores, repair to their hordes perhaps twenty or thirty miles off to apprise them of the wreck, when they immediately assemble armed with daggers, guns, and cudgels. Sometimes two or three days or more elapse before they make their appearance on the coast, where they await the usual alternative of the crew, which is either to deliver themselves up, rather than perish with hunger, or to throw themselves

into the sea! When the former takes place, quarrels frequently ensue among the Arabs for the possession of the sailors, and in disputing for the Captain or mate, because he is better dressed, or that he discovers himself to them, some other way. They afterwards go in boats and take every thing possible from the vessel, and then if the sea does not dash it to pieces they set it on fire, in order that it may not serve as a warning to other ships which may be so unfortunate as to follow the same course! Sometimes the seamen resist; but, in consequence of the disparity of numbers, it is always to no purpose; and, when obliged to yield at last, they are frequently massacred in revenge. When this is not the case their sufferings are great, almost beyond conception; for the Arabs, who are nearly naked themselves, immediately strip them, allowing them only some slight covering about the loins, and then march them barefoot sometimes nearly fifty miles a day, which distance, as they will often go themselves without food, they oblige their prisoners to perform also. A little barley meal and water once a day is all they have to feed upon at the best of times, and in this state of misery they are marched from one part of the desert to another to the different slave markets to be sold, in which expeditions it is necessary to add, that the major part die of fatigue and hunger. At last the survivors usually fall into the hands of Jew traders, who travel from Wedinoo with tobacco salt, and cloth, and who purchase them upon speculation. As these Jews hope they will bring more in the way of ransom than of sale, they generally write to Mogadore to have the Consuls of the different nations informed, but the latter having no fund for the purpose, frequently are unable to do any thing, and in consequence a great lapse of time takes place, and a poor wretch is often four or five years in captivity waiting official interference. In consequence of this delay, the Jews are becoming indisposed to purchase them from the Arabs, and losing that chance, all hopes of deliverance are abandoned.

Mr. Jackson mentions an instance which, for the credit of this country, we would wish to disbelieve: it is that of a British seaman ransomed by a private individual in Mogadore, who relied on the British Consul for repayment, but the latter had no authority to that effect. An appeal was made to government in vain, and it was not until two years after, and then with great difficulty and more trouble than individuals can usually expect their mercantile correspondents to take, that the sum expended (only forty pounds) was reimbursed by the *Ironmongers Company*, from a fund, of which more hereafter. The difficulty in this instance operated, as it was natural it should do; no other person would advance money on so precarious a prospect of reimbursement, and in consequence many a poor

seaman may have groaned out his life in the desert; those only of the most robust and strong constitutions, being able to endure a lengthened captivity under such miserable privations.

To shew in its proper colours the barbarity of the neglect complained of, and how trifling a disbursement is necessary to rectify the evil, the following statement by Mr. Jackson, of the number of ships lost on the western coast of Africa in the manner just described, during sixteen years; namely, from 1790 to 1806, is submitted to the reader.

Ships lost, 30

Of which the English amounted to	-	17
French	-	5
Americans	-	5
Dutch &c.	-	3
		<hr/> 30 <hr/>

The crews of the above ships were estimated at about 200, which are thus accounted for.

Young men and boys seduced or threatened into Mahometanism	-	40
Old men, &c. who sunk under their hardships	-	40
Disposed of by sale and irrecoverable	-	40
Redeemed, after four or five years captivity by various means, but generally by private subscriptions among the Christian residents at Morocco.	-	80
		<hr/> Total 200 <hr/>

Now, if the above account be analysed, it will be seen that very little more than half the number were British Subjects, and that less than a thousand pounds would have redeemed the *whole*. Yet an Englishman has had it in his power to come forward and testify to the world, that his christian countrymen are often buried alive in the Deserts of Africa for want of ransom. Whether the scandal has been removed since Mr. Jackson's publication, is not known; but those persons of wealth and humanity who may feel themselves interested in the fate of the suffering and abandoned mariner would do well to inquire. Official compassion operates very sluggishly, and as sighs from the African Desert cannot very readily be heard in the circles of this metropolis, the same indifference may exist to the present time.

It is to be hoped that the forthcoming motion of Mr. *Wilberforce* will touch upon this subject of SHIPWRECKED MARINERS as well as upon the piracies of Algiers and Tunis. According to Mr. Jackson,



the government of Morocco is easily moved to assist in facilitating the recovery of these unfortunate men; but, as their first merciless captors are entirely lawless, and out of the reach both of that and every other sovereignty, a *little*, and it has been shewn, how *very* little money, is absolutely necessary to get them forwarded to Mogadore. It is no reflection upon the spirit and benevolence of the English people, that so much evil has been endured for want of a sum which would scarcely furnish the steward's room of a 'thatched cottage'—because they have not known of it. But if they take the trouble to enquire and become once satisfied that such is the case, it cannot be doubted but that what is proper will be done. It requires neither a pompous subscription nor extraordinary trouble. A standing purse of 500*l.* would answer all emergencies, and a christian correspondent at Mogadore supply every information. The loss of a single seaman in a naval and commercial country by the neglect of that country, is a species of national ingratitude, and the threats and seduction to which the younger part of a ships' company is subject, to induce them to profess Mahometanism, ought to interest every christian heart in the community. Boys in the sea service are not educated to become martyrs, and when sensual indulgence solicits them on the one hand, and blows and hunger press them on the other, human nature so mortified cannot be expected to stand firm. If to preserve as well as to acquire is of consequence, this hint will not be lost upon that part of the British Public which joins religious zeal to general humanity, and which not only professes christianity, but acts in the spirit that it prescribes.

It has already been observed, on the authority of Mr. Jackson, that the *Ironmongers Company* finally reimbursed a commercial firm in Mogadore the ransom of a British Seaman. That act of humanity it seems is due to the posthumous charity of a Mr. THOMAS BRETTON, a Turkey Merchant, who left 26,000*l.* to the said Company, the proceeds of one half of which were to be applied to the deliverance of British Captives in Barbary. *Quere*—How is the said fund appropriated; for, according to Mr. Jackson, it would be more than sufficient to answer every demand for the wrecked Seaman; and as to Algiers and Tunis, whatever may be the fact, as they do not acknowledge the detention of native British subjects, it is presumed that the bequest of Mr. Bretton is not affected from those quarters. Without being acquainted with the particular directions of the will, it would be impertinent to question the worshipful Company of Ironmongers, but the affair, simply as stated by Mr. Jackson, would imply no great concern on the part of Mr. Bretton's legatees, to find objects for his bounty. The notoriety of the existence

of such a bequest to the *Ironmongers Company*, for such a purpose, can do it no harm, but, on the other hand, by opening the way to *applications*, it may afford it the pleasure of more amply fulfilling the benevolent intentions of no mean benefactor.

It is curious to contemplate the ebbs and flows of human opinions. Five or six centuries ago, Europe exhausted itself in absurd expeditions against the enemies of the Christian faith, and now it cannot be roused even into the extirpation of a few bands of Pirates. Its spirit of charity is equally reversed. To redeem unfortunate Christians from Mahometan captivity was formerly one of the most popular, and certainly one of the most rational, modes of displaying benevolence; at present the existence of their sufferings is hardly known and still less regarded. Man changes, and right and wrong change along with him—at least, it would seem so; for crime and misery, which at one æra excite general indignation and compassion, at another neither rouse anger nor pity. These are the inconsistencies which, to use the words of Shakspeare, make “high Angels weep; who, with our spleens,” continues the bard, “would laugh themselves to mortal.”

Christian Europe is now called upon by every humane and honourable principle to put an end, as far as it can, to evils which exist to its disgrace; and at no time can it be urged to do so with more propriety than at a crisis when we are taught to believe that a Saturnian reign is about to commence in each particular state, and bonds of Christian unity and brotherhood are solemnly subscribed to. Any thing short of a general agreement will be nugatory. Both Algiers and Tunis have experienced humiliations, and submitted to treaties like that which the former has been beaten into with the United States, often enough; which treaties, like their Christian neighbours, they keep just as long as it is their interest to do so, and no longer. Napoleon when first Consul, humbled the Bey of Tunis, and made him release his Italian subjects in the same manner as America obliged the Dey of Algiers, which was good, as it alleviated a certain portion of evil, and that was all: the root of the disorder remained. Captain Croker is of opinion that a simple intimation to Algiers, of the determination of the leading powers of Christendom to put down its depredations, would render direct hostility unnecessary; and if direct hostility *were* necessary, a single expedition of two or three ships of war and as many thousand men, at the joint expence of Europe, would root up these pestilent gangs of thieves entirely. That there may exist *Interests* which such an alteration would affect, cannot be doubted, and they may even possess partizans in a British House of Commons; but in the first instance it will be

curious to see what colour of reason and justice they will assume. "Quixotism" and "Hypocrisy," and "pretended humanity," will doubtless be insinuated, and those who know in their hearts that they wish every coasting smack in the Mediterranean, not bearing the British flag, to become a prey to the Pirates, will profess great sympathy, but Great Britain cannot rectify *all* the world! Others, as in the Negro Slave Trade, will affect incredulity and all manner of unbelief of the sufferings stated; and the most hardy of the whole may possibly endeavour to prove that the poor Greek or Italian islander is more comfortable at Algiers or Tunis than at home. Books also may be written to shew that slavery has existed in all ages, and that its continuance is perfectly consistent with the Christian dispensation—for all this has been said in defence of the theft of men *from* the south-west of Africa, and may be said again, in defence of the theft of men *by* the north-west. To say that this branch of trade will be affected, or that ruined, is to speak plain; but to call some of the most violent outrages on the rights and comfort of the species, beneficial—to attempt to confound the common sense of mankind by flowery eulogies on the condition of field negroes, or by describing kidnappers as benefactors to human nature—is at once impudent and flagitious. It becomes us to do some good, if not disposed to do all, and therefore let us have no *trading* Consuls in the Barbary ports. According to Mr. Macgill, the Infidels look upon these persons with great contempt, as mere merchants, and it is known from other sources that *mere* merchants they are. The Consul of a northern court at Tunis made himself agent to all the powers for the delivery of their slaves, and acted—with the *spirit* of an *agent*. All subordinate dirtiness should at least be rectified for the credit of wholesale dealers; for nothing is so really injurious to the right honourable privilege of pocketing rascally emolument, as the puny rapacity of underlings. It is to be hoped that no *vested* rights will start up—no Mediterranean profits, bequeathed by our *forefathers*; but that policy and humanity will unite to do away enormities, the unnecessary existence of which discredit Christianity, satirise *legitimate* sovereignty, and prove paternity a joke;—to say nothing of the deliverance of Europe and a thousand other fine things, with which the open and daily kidnapping of Christian men, women and children, will scarcely accord any more, than with the Millenium, which the restoration of the House of Bourbon and the religious and disinterested union of so many great potentates, is so evidently on the eve of producing.

THE END.







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The cruelties of the Algerine  
pirates

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